The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

JANUARY, 1897.

To Our Readers.

Although the new volume of the *Seed Sower* does not begin until March, we take the opportunity afforded by the new year of addressing a few words of gratitude to our friends and supporters. During the last few months the circulation of the *Seed Sower* has considerably increased so that we are now printing monthly more than

Four Thousand Seven Hundred

Christ's Essential Doctrine.

A SERMON.

BY

REV. A. N. BLATCHFORD.

John xvii. 25—"*O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee!*"

Such, according to the thought embodied in these words, had been the testimony of religious history up to the time of Jesus; and it would be vain to deny the applicability of such a

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If men forget the foundation stone, what wonder can there be at the collapse of the fabric of a baseless faith? And what more certain conviction does the serious perusal of the Gospel narratives afford to us than that Jesus grounded his faith, and the life which was the fair fruitage of such a faith, upon the Fatherhood of God?

That great thought inspires his speech, upholds his strength, fires his spirit, and suffuses all his life from Galilee right up to Golgotha; and though the men who stood nearest to him failed at times to understand the mighty simplicity of that all-sustaining and beautiful truth, he could still find comfort in the assurance that the day would come when they would grasp it, and when he should find it possible to show them plainly of the Father.

That was the one great thought he wanted them to welcome into their inmost souls. Convinced of that, all hope, all trust might indeed be theirs. By its aid, they would be able to touch the hearts, and lift up the lives of others around them, and reconcile the wayward passions and tempers of the children of earth unto the wise will of the one great God and Father of them every one.

But Jesus of Nazareth, whom it behoved to walk to-day, and to-morrow, and not until the far-off third day to be perfected, knew well that the flower of each—a simple and lovely faith—would develope with no magically sudden growth. Not like Jonah's gourd could it grow up in a single night, and before others could cherish that religious trust, whereon his own spirit so grandly rested, there were difficulties and obstacles enough to be overcome. Prejudice and caste and the pride of life appealed for the hour, as they appeal now, with an influence, which, in the vast majority of instances, seemed all but irresistible; for why, the world would say, should men who are trying to turn it upside down be tolerated for a moment? Had any one of the rulers believed on them? And so, with a veritable, but natural, prophetic power, which Christ gathered from his own experience, as clearly as if the angry drama had been enacted under his own eyes, the sorrows of those faithful hearts, who strove to carry onward the message of God's Fatherhood that dropped from the failing lips of their thorn-crowned Master. Their arraignment, judgment, imprisonment, martyrdom, he realised it all, and felt, too, that they who persecuted them would actually deem that they were rendering acceptable service to high heaven, and that they would cling to such a hard thought, simply in ignorance, simply because they did not comprehend the true, the universal, the impartial Fatherhood of the Supreme, which Jesus, with such persistency, and such consistency alike, commended to them.

Very meet and right it is that men should solemnly reflect upon the legacy Christ surely left the world, when in quiet communion with his disciples he said: "When ye pray, say, our Father," because it is here that the grave question really comes in. Have his followers grasped the splendid sweep of that prayer? Have they lived up to it, brought their daily life and actions—aye, and their thoughts and motives—into the searching light of it?

Christ says that men shall make their brethren suffer because they understand not in all its significance his own simple faith in "One God and Father of all." With such a consideration in our mind, let us turn away from the antagonism between the faith of a Christian and that of people who reject Christianity altogether; and let us rather have regard to the attitude of one section of Christ's openly avowed disciples against another section, equally earnest in their assertion of allegiance to him; and then let us ask whether the Church of Christ has itself escaped the sad consequences of this self-same ignorance, or forgetfulness, of the central doctrine of that Christianity which was taught by Christ? Because, it is impossible for any careful reader of the Gospels to deny that the Fatherhood of God is the first and foremost thought in the soul of Jesus. Therefore, laying aside, as far as may be possible, our own denominational predilections, we come to read how men have been most ready to cry out "Lord! Lord!" and yet have left undone the things which he said—have not remembered what he bade them, first of all, to lay to heart and never to forget, that they were all, without any distinction, children of their one Father in heaven.

Oblivious of that restraining truth, the obligations it should have imposed slipped from their

conduct, and it became, alas! impossible everywhere and in all ages of the Church's life to say, as was said once,—"See how these Christians love one another!"

Rent with faction, soiled with enmity and hate, and stained with blood, the Christian fold too often gave occasion for the repetition of that cry of the apostle James—"Whence come wars and fightings among you?" And, with a response, sad but convincing, the spirit of the Master might reply across the gulf of time, "Because they have not known the Father, nor me!" Verily they could not have done so; else, no Christian hand had ever launched the bolt of persecution against a brother; no, nor had the streets of Alexandria run blood in sheer religious—or to speak correctly, irreligious—riot between the rival crowds that shouted respectively for Athanasius or for Arius.

Had Christians only kept true to the glorious doctrine of God's Fatherhood, the Roman Catholic had never slaughtered the Protestant, the Protestant had never retaliated on his Catholic brother, Calvin had never burnt Servetus, the Churchman would never have doomed the Nonconformist to fine or to death, and the Evangelical Nonconformist of to-day would have better understood the principles of that Protestantism upon which he bases his refusal to embrace his Unitarian brother within his fraternal councils.

With sad reason, then, we have to lament the too great and the too abiding prevalence of this ignorance of the very foundation-truth of the religion Christ preached.

But, what if history bears no lesson, no warning for us, as we sorrowfully turn over its pages, blurred as these are with the traces of that prejudice and superstition of which ignorance is the sure parent?

Our chief concern lies in the question, whether we have "so learned Christ" as to be shown by him "plainly of the Father?" And, if we cannot regulate our life and conduct under such training,—if we cannot trust in it, and set forth its beautiful influence over ourselves, by our gentleness and unselfishness towards all men around us, whether such may agree with us or differ from us, then, I say, "Christ has become of none effect" to us,—we are strangers to the spirit of him who taught us of the one great Father above us; and if we have not the spirit of Christ, never mind what the profession may be, or however punctual the conventional church-going or chapel-going may be, just in proportion as we are found wanting in his spirit of human brotherhood in our Father's sight, "we are none of his."

But, if we point regretfully to the errors, the misunderstandings, and the strifes that have sullied the history of Christian lands and Christian sects, never let it be said that we are heedless of the one Master of all Christians. What does he say? What spirit does he inspire? These are the questions it behoves all professing Christians to answer with a directness, and with a frankness that leave no room for misunderstanding. And what room can there be for pessimistic or despairing thoughts about religious faith or human relationships when we hear Christ so constantly speaking, and so plainly showing us, of the Father? What right have we to harbour our small prejudices touching any man, if we believe the truth of Christ's words? rather must we admit the certain consequences of our neglect of the logical conclusion that follows the admission of God's Fatherhood, which is simply the universal brotherhood of all men.

Well may we plead for this grand central doctrine of the Christian faith, for, to what sphere, to what scene, to what condition of life is it not applicable?

It breathes of loving, joyful confidence; it sheds the very spirit of hope and progress upon our souls. It can touch with sweetest influence alike the night of sorrow and the dawn of joy, can enfold the trembling thought of the little child, can yield scope no less assuredly to the widest sweep of cultured thought, and can allure the noblest flight of genius, ever higher and onward still.

Is God our Father? Ah, then, each man is surely divine, and unto each one, "according to his several ability," a glorious heritage of service unto man, and therefore unto God, is ever possible.

Children in a common home, blessed equally with a Father's love, what have we to do with selfishness, with superciliousness, with pride in our dealings with each other?

See how this thought, that we are all subjects

of our Father's care, tears down every pretence of self-conceit, and endues us everyone—where, at least, the spirit of Christ has fair play—with a simplicity and a modesty born of respect for the rights, the feelings, and the thoughts of others.

Do we think God near to us? Do we rejoice in our thoughts of Him? Do we believe our earnest devotion brings us comfort, and hope, and peace of mind? Even so, it as surely is, with others also. To all, to each alike, unless Christ's teaching be vain, and our faith be vain too, the approach to the Father's presence lies freely open for every soul. The man who closes his eyes to that glorious truth—and, by so doing, ignores the real, the essential oneness of his kind—sets at naught the teachings of Jesus, and fails utterly to walk worthy of the vocation whereto he has been verily called.

Every cold look, every light or unkind word, levelled at a brother for his faith, or, as some may say, for his want of faith, is an outrage on the spirit of Christ, aud a flagrant contradiction of his broad and loving teaching. No surer instance of anti-Christ can be found in the world to-day than the man who makes his brother suffer because that brother chances to honour the Father and to follow his Master, in other ways than those which, by such a man's most fallible judgment, may be deemed right. No, not even yet has the world known the Father as Jesus desired that it might do; but it is at least to be hoped that reverence for the opinions and the characters of others who differ from us is growing among the sections of the Church of Christ, and the belief in that growth is one of the truest as well as the happiest signs that men are slowly yet certainly comprehending "the principles of the doctrine of Christ." Just as those principles are appreciated shall the days of selfishness and of exclusiveness be narrowed, the hour of a larger, a more loving, and a more Christ-like faith shall dawn, the bright vision shall be at last fulfilled, for the children of men shall be gathered within the surely established truth of God's impartial and eternal Fatherhood, and they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God.

In Rugby Chapel.

BY

EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.

History has much to say of kings and statesmen and ecclesiastics, and something to say of poets; but it is almost silent about *schoolmasters*. It almost entirely overlooks them. It is so busy with the public activity of men that it passes over their private life and education. The quiet shaping of character is forgotten in the noisy record of war and Parliament and religious controversy.

Yet we have reason to remember and be proud of our schoolmasters. We have a noble list of them, not surpassed by any other nation. Our first Christian missionaries were teachers as well as preachers. Aidan's "boys" were pioneers of civilisation in Northumbria. Bede was a schoolmaster. Every monastery had its school. The friar Robert Grosseteste was the famous teacher of Roger Bacon. Lady Jane Grey owed more, she said, to her tutor, "gentle Master Aylmer," than to her parents. Queen Elizabeth declared she would rather have thrown £10,000 into the sea than lost "her Ascham." Spenser had a famous schoolmaster in Richard Mulcaster, and Ben Jonson an even greater one in William Camden. And there is a letter of Milton to his old teacher, Thomas Young, in which he says, "I call God to witness how much as a father I regard you, with what singular devotion I have always followed you in thought." Many other names might be given to show what we owe in our national life and in the lives of illustrious personages, to a class of men barely referred to in history.

I have been led to these remarks by the recollection of a visit last year, with an old friend,* to the scene of a great modern schoolmaster's labours. Finding ourselves within twenty miles of Rugby, we resolved to see a place we both had cared for since we first read "Tom Brown's Schooldays." The word Rugby immediately suggests the name of Dr. Arnold. His spirit seems to fill the school and the neighbourhood. Wherever we went, in the classrooms, the dormitories, the boys' studies, the master's house, the chapel, the playground, we

* The Rev. Henry Gow, of Leicester.

could not help thinking of the wise and manly doctor, who made Rugby one of the best honoured of our public schools.

There is much to be said both for and against our public school system. The advantages and the dangers seem to me rather evenly balanced. It is, on the one hand, a fine thing for a boy to belong to the republic of a big school. Only three things will serve him well there—Brains, Courage, and Honesty. Outward advantages, such as birth and money, count for nothing. Worldly airs are soon laughed or knocked out of him. He must prove his own worth. It is what he can do in the class or in the cricket field, or as a good comrade, that tells in his favour; and if he gains esteem in any of these directions he wins something that will help him for life. But there are evils in connection with the removal of a boy from home, from the care of parents, from the influence of mother and sisters and girl friends, so great that sometimes they counter-balance all the good. It must be confessed that if our public schools turn out some of our best gentlemen, they also turn out some of our worst cads.

Dr. Arnold recognised this, and was one of the first to endeavour to cleanse our public schools of their evil. He was himself a Winchester boy, from the age of twelve to sixteen, and from school he took away ideas about education, that led him, after his college course, to turn to teaching for a profession. For nine years he was in partnership with his brother-in-law in a private school at Laleham, near Staines. He was happy in the work, and gained such repute in the preparation of elder pupils for the universities, that when, in 1827, he applied for the head-mastership of Rugby, one of his supporters, Dr. Hawkins, predicted that if he were elected he would change the face of public school education in England. He was elected, though only 32 years old, and during his fourteen or fifteen years of office, until his sudden death, of heart disease, in 1842, he did much to fulfil the prediction.

His influence at Rugby, and thence all over England, was not gained at once. He had a long struggle to be understood. He began with many expulsions and more removals. Parents complained of this treatment, and governors were dissatisfied at the falling off in the numbers. But he remained firm. "It is not necessary," he said, "that this should be a school of three hundred or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen." He could not tolerate lying, still less impurity. His severity in such cases was mistaken for harshness of character; and he had a stern look which made younger boys afraid of him. But the elder boys, who came to know him, loved him, and loved him greatly. As his power extended, it was not uncommon for members of the sixth form to declare that "they could die for the doctor."

The secret of such influence is not difficult to discover. It lay chiefly in his love for and his belief in boys. To a friend who thought of becoming a schoolmaster, he wrote, "I enjoy the society of youths. Do not take your work as a dose, and I do not think you will find it nauseous. I should say, have your pupils a good deal with you, and be as familiar with them as you possibly can. I did this continually more and more before I left Laleham, going to bathe with them, leaping, and all other gymnastic exercises within my capacity, and sometimes sailing or rowing with them. They, I believe, always liked it, and I enjoyed it myself like a boy, and found myself constantly the better for it." He did not cease to love sport in becoming a scholar and a clergyman. He was, with Kingsley, an advocate of what was then called "a muscular Christianity," and some of his best pupils were rare combinations of sport and scholarship. Arthur Clough, for instance, whom the doctor congratulated when he left, on having gained every academical honour which Rugby could bestow, was one of the best swimmers in the school, a very good runner, and "the best goal-keeper on record."

Further, Arnold trusted the boys. Until he found evil—and then he acted sternly—he believed that good was there. He would not allow a lad to add anything to confirm a statement. "If you say so," he would say, "that is quite enough—*of course* I believe you;" and in time most of the boys felt that it was "a shame to tell Arnold a lie,—he always believes one."

The thirty young men of the sixth class he took very closely into his confidence. It was the peculiar feature of his headship that he looked to this class to co-operate with him in the discipline of the school. They formed an inner

circle, to whom he spoke freely of his aims and methods. "When," he once said, at the close of a break-up address, "I have confidence in the sixth, there is no post in England which I would exchange for this; but if they do not support me, I must go."

The sixth form did not necessarily include the cleverest scholars. Like a true Englishman and a true successor of Roger Ascham,* Arnold did not despise a slow boy, and had more faith in honest industry than in quick wits. He honoured, as next to religion, and as part of religion, the high principle of a boy which by hard work turned poor natural ability to good account. He said, "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." Once, speaking of a pupil who had won distinction in spite of small intellectual ability, he said, "I could stand to that man hat in hand." Religion, therefore, to Dr. Arnold, was not merely a matter of the Bible and the Prayer Book and the Catechism. It was something that entered into the lessons and games of the boys. He wrote a morning prayer for his sixth form, which includes sentences like these: "Give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work, that we may do it in faith and heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and we would fain devote them to Thy service. Sanctify them and the work in which they are engaged. Bless our efforts, that they may bring forth in us the fruits of true wisdom. Strengthen the faculties of our minds and dispose us to exert them, but let us always remember to exert them for Thy glory." Dr. Arnold's theology would, perhaps, be too orthodox for us; but is it surprising that a schoolmaster with such a broad sense of religion should have had among his favourite pupils the great leader of Liberal Churchmen, Dean Stanley?

Marble effigies of master and this illustrious pupil are now in the school chapel, one above the other, against the north wall. Arnold's body—the only one interred in the chapel—rests in a spot that used to be at the foot of the altar, but since the enlargement of the building, has been in the middle of the nave. Around him are monuments to his famous pupils who have followed him. Among them, besides those to Stanley and Clough, I noticed one to Thomas Hill Green, the Oxford professor, of whom Mrs. Humphry Ward has given a loving portrait under the name of "Grey" in "Robert Elsmere."

Standing there, we thought of what two of Arnold's pupils, whose monuments are not yet among the rest, have written of the spot. The late Judge Hughes, at the close of his story of Tom Brown, in which he portrays his own experience and expresses his personal gratitude to the dead master, leaves his hero at the newly-made grave in the chapel, full of grief and love and prayer. "Here," he says, "let us leave him—where better could we leave him than at the altar before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood—at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond?" And the other pupil and mourner, Arnold's own son, Matthew, tells us his feelings in his poem, entitled "Rugby Chapel," on visiting his father's grave on an Autumn evening fifteen years after his death. He says,—

> The lights come out in the street,
> In the schoolroom windows;—but cold,
> Solemn, unlighted, austere.
> Through the gathering darkness, arise
> The chapel walls, in whose bound
> Thou, my father! art laid.

But November evenings had no gloom when the good doctor was living. His buoyant cheerfulness made Autumn bright. And he turns to him, in memory, with yearning love,—

> O strong soul, by what shore
> Tarriest thou now? For that force
> Surely, has not been left vain!

* "Contrariewise, a witte in youth, that is not over dulle, heavie, knottie and lumpishe, but hard, rough, and though somewhat staffishe: such a witte, I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightlie smoothed and wrought as it should, not over-thwartlie and against the wood, by the scholemaster, both for learning and hole course of living, proveth alwaies the best. Hard wittes be hard to receive, but sure to keep: painefull without werinesse, hedeful without wavering, constant without new-fanglenes: bearing heavie thinges though not lightlie yet willinglie; entring hard thinges though not easelie yet depelie; and so cum to that perfitnes of learning in the ende that quicke wittes seldome attaine unto."—*The Scholemaster. (The First Booke.)*

Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

For fifteen years those who had sheltered under his strength have endured without him. Most men drift through life, but some, "whom a thirst ardent, unquenchable, fires," with high aims struggle up the mountain, and save themselves. Dr. Arnold sought to save others:

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turned'st, and still
Beckoned'st the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.

And through his father he believed in the noble and good, and in the band of great souls who work heavenward:

Souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind,—

who appear like angels to fainting warriors:

Langour is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave!
Order, courage, return.
Eyes re-kindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

HEAVEN is the reward bestowed, not upon riches or ancestry, but upon quality of spirit.

Cometh sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again;
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief;
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

The Strangers' Church.

BY THE REV. FRANK K. FREESTON.

As you walk down busy Old Broad Street, City, you reach on the left an archway, over which are inscribed, in smoke begrimed letters, the two words "Austin Friars." Passing through this arch into the quietness of a court or passage, as though entering the still backwater of a rushing river, you see a second and smaller arch spanning a yet narrower passage, and framing in the distance the porch of an ancient church. Entering the building, now solemn and dim within, you find a lofty and spacious edifice with handsome decorated windows, with tablets on the walls and tombstones on the floors, and with a central space screened off from the rest for the use of a small body of worshippers. To whom belongs this curious church, and why is it hidden away thus in the recesses of Austin Friars? On the board outside you read "*Nederlandsche Herformde Kerk*" (The Dutch Reformed Church), but that notice only discloses one part, at most, of its interest. Go back for almost three hundred and fifty years, and it is then called "The Strangers' Church." Go back yet another three centuries to the beginning of its history, and it is then the Chapel of the Augustine Monastery.

There gathers around this building a story well worth knowing—a story in three chapters, the second of which most closely concerns us, because of its unique interest. Let us briefly recount its history.

The Austin Friars claimed to have been founded by Augustine, but were of modern constitution. They became well-known in old London during the thirteenth century, and in 1243 their "House" was founded by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford. It included the usual chapel and school, library, dormitory, and refectory, with smaller monastic additions; and it was simply called "Austin Friars," like the "Grey Friars" of the Franciscans, the "Black Friars" of the Dominicans, and the "White Friars" of the Carmelites. When, in 1536—to jump the intervening space—Henry VIII. dissolved the Monasteries and thus widened the breach with the Romish Church, he gave the house and grounds of Austin Friars to the Marquis of Winchester, whence the name of a

street adjoining, and let the chapel lapse into disuse. But this disuse was not long to last, and the change came about in this wise.

Earlier even than the founding of Austin Friars, there had come to London certain Flemish weavers, some to escape civil wars, some to earn higher wages. Being well received and protected, others were then invited, and successive English Kings not only encouraged their visits, for the sake of their industries, but granted them special privileges as "Strangers." They grew prosperous and increased, were often hated and ill-treated, and were ultimately joined during the Reformation struggles by Protestant refugees from the Netherlands. The desire of these latter was not business, but freedom of worship in accordance with conscience. For this had they left home and kin, for this had they fled to London. And so they clustered in small groups, or congregations, meeting first in private houses, and then in more roomy workshops; but, as their numbers increased, and included both leaders and pastors, they appealed to the king for some public place where they might openly hold their religious services. Henry VIII. had died, and being succeeded by his gentle son Edward, who was believed to be well disposed towards the foreign refugees; the hopes of the petitioners were not misplaced. Guided by Cranmer, Cheke, and Cecil, Edward granted, through the Privy Council, to the "Germans and other Strangers" for the use of themselves and their successors the disused Chapel of Austin Friars. This now becomes thus "The Strangers' Church" and begins, in 1550, the second chapter of its history. In the king's own diary, under the 29th of June, it is said to be given "to the Dutch nation in London to have their service in." The date of the Letters Patent is July 24th, and the original Charter—a precious document—is stated to be extant. It is a long recital in Latin, of the privileges conferred and the conditions enjoined, including the appointment of a superintendent and four ministers, but its chief importance lies in this final clause :—

"We do command and order that it be strongly enjoined both on the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen of our City of London, and on the Bishop of London and his successors, with all others, Archbishops, Bishops, Justices, Officers and Ministers of ours whatsoever, that they permit the aforesaid Superintendent and Ministers and their successors freely and quietly to indulge, enjoy, use and exercise their own proper rites and ceremonies, and their proper and peculiar ecclesiastical discipline, notwithstanding that these may not agree with the rites and ceremonies practised in our Kingdom, without hindrance, disturbance, or disquieting of them or any of them."

Beneath this legal phrasing lies hidden an ecclesiastical Charter of freedom. In these days of Nonconformist liberty it seems to contain nothing extraordinary; but it was not so three hundred and fifty years ago. For what had just happened in England? It had cast off its allegiance to the Romish Church, and formed the Protestant English Church in its place, but this Church of England was, in its turn, to be bound to creeds and articles and episcopal orders, and there were to be no schisms or sects. But yet an indulgent monarch, guided by a tolerant primate, grants to the strangers within its gates, a liberty and an autonomy which was denied to all else. Here was to openly exist a Strangers' Church, legally permitted and protected, ecclesiastically recognised but uncontrolled: in other words, to all intents and purposes, a Free Church. No wonder that this permission was condemned by many Churchman, as an encouragement of schism and an occasion of division. No wonder, either, that the "Strangers" themselves met with great gladness to hold their first service on September 21st (1550) under their Polish Superintendent, John à Lasco, and their duly elected Ministers. And no wonder, further, that in this Free-Church atmosphere, where there was no imposed uniformity of opinion, questions found room for discussion. John à Lasco, it is true, drew up a Confession of Faith, but it was a Calvinistic statement of only voluntary worth, and it could not prevent the laymen at least from holding and expressing divergent views. For à Lasco had also instituted Thursday Conferences, or Prophesyings, at which the congregation had the right to discuss the discourses of the Sunday previous, and the preachers had to defend their teaching against any lay objection. Hither came together, moreover, reformer and scholar, brought over by Cranmer, bearing with them the new learning

and new religion. Hither came George van Parris, the surgeon from Maintz, afterwards burned at Smithfield for his Arian views of God. Hither came Acontius with his plea for tolerance; hither came Ochino, who a little later, if not now, made straight the way for the Unitarian heresy. And private heresy ultimately led to public controversy, not only about the Trinity, but about Predestination, and about Pædobaptism —the latter then a burning question. Truth and numbers were alike advancing, when there occurred the death of the King. A sudden change comes over the scene. Mary ascends the throne and determines to stamp out Protestantism. She issues a proclamation ordering all foreigners from the Netherlands, and other refugees, to quit the country within twenty-four days. Two hundred members of the Strangers' Church charter two vessels, sail from the Thames, and after perils and storms reach the opposite coast. Others flee across in smaller companies, and then lead a life of anxious wandering through the five fearful years of Mary's grim reign.

Then the scene is changed again—this time from gloom back to sunshine. Elizabeth comes to the throne and Protestantism is made supreme. Thereupon the Strangers return and petition the Queen for the restoration of their Church in Austin Friars, and the confirmation of their Charter of privilege. The Queen not only consents, but fits up the Church afresh at her own expense, and by an Order in Council (1573) re-affirms its rights in the following terms:—

"We are not ignorant that from the beginning of the Christian religion, various churches always had various and diverse rites and ceremonies; and yet piety and religion is the same, if prayer be truly directed, and to the true God, and impiety and superstition be absent. We do not despise your rites, nor compel you to ours; and we approve your ceremonies, as fit and convenient for you and your nationality whence ye are sprung."

The Charter confirmed by Elizabeth has been renewed by succeeding Sovereigns ever since and hence the Dutch Reformed Church still stands in Austin Friars. It has gone through many vicissitudes since the days of Good Queen Bess. Plagues and persecutions thinned its numbers, and only seventy or eighty worshippers now attend its services. Part of the structure was destroyed by fire in 1862, but the valuable library was saved from the flames and afterwards transferred to the Guildhall, the Church being rebuilt. But whatever shall happen in future days to the building in Austin Friars, Nonconformity will never forget the Strangers' Church which it now represents, and the principles on which it was based. Among the many by-paths of the Protestant Reformation there is hardly one more interesting than that which led to the formation of the Strangers' Church in London.

Golden Words for New Year's Day.

"Forward out of Darkness, forward into Light."

If every year we would root out one vice we should sooner become perfect men.—THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

Man must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good, to what now proves best;
How could man have progression otherwise?
—BROWNING.

Learn the mystery of Progression duly,
Do not call each glorious change Decay:
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away!
Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness!
In that want their beauty lies; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.
—A. PROCTER.

Hints haunt me ever of a more beyond;
I am rebuked by a sense of the Incomplete,
Of a completion over-soon assumed,—
Of adding up too soon. —CLOUGH.

Our only greatness is that we aspire.—JEAN INGELOW.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth!—
Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed;—but for the Duty to do!
—CLOUGH.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that any more than the old church-steeple minds the rooks cawing about it.

Manchester College (Oxford) Letter.

DECEMBER.

We went down on the 12th inst. after a laborious term. Notwithstanding time passed merrily enough. A very happy number of the *Poz*, with its usual characteristic caricatures of passing events and present personæ, first broke the gloom; then came heated yet amiable theological discussions, etc., etc.—on the whole not an unlively period. The morning attendance on Sunday at the Chapel continues to improve, and we have now a faithful and regular band to rely on. Mr. Carpenter's evening lectures on "Jesus and his Relation to Modern Thought" were well attended throughout, attracting many strangers. A keen interest is also taken by outsiders in our special public lectures. We had five this term, and on each occasion our large lecture room was crowded. The lecturers were Mr. Montefiore, the Rev. Philip Wicksteed, and Professor Max Muller (Visitor of the College).

The club of which I spoke in our last letter, the object of which is to bring together the students of the college and the Unitarian lay element of the University, is now definitely formed. At a second meeting, well attended by the aforesaid Unitarian lay element, rules drawn up by a special committee appointed for that object were submitted to the society, and, after considerable discussion and amendment, carried. The two names previously suggested for the club, Baxter and Frankland, were rejected in favour of Martineau, amid general acclamation. Officers were also appointed for the ensuing year, Mr. Carpenter being unanimously elected first president. The club will meet twice each winter term and once in the summer term. After dinner in Hall, a paper on some theological or philosophical subject will be read, to be followed generally by discussion. Extraordinary meetings will also be called from time to time to discuss lighter fare of the possibly smoking concert or musical evening order. We wish the Martineau Club long life and prosperity. The omens are propitious.

Our Oxford Mission is thriving. The numbers in the Sunday School continue to increase. We have a class of 12 elder lads—16-19 years of age—and some forty younger children, boys and girls. We badly need better accommodation, and hope before long to secure it—indeed, all along we have been hampered from want of funds. At the Sunday Afternoon Discussion Society we have treated the following subjects:—"The Divinity of Man," "The Teaching of Tolstoi," and "Why Working Men do not go to Church." The meetings were well attended by townsmen; also three of us have held open-air meetings the last three Sunday evenings at the Martyrs' Memorial, and have had on each occasion a sympathetic hearing.

The Stepping Stone for December contains the former of two papers on "Miracles" by W. Warschauer, a paper on "Democracy in Whitman," and the former of the two papers on "The Religion of Evolution" (some hints and suggestions) by Mr. Johnson, and two poems by Mr. Anderton. We believe arrangements have been made for an article in each number on the Drama for the month. The January number will contain the first of these, "A Review of the Drama for 1896."

At our debate Mr. Anderton moved "The Reduction of Armaments." Mr. Hall, sen., opposed. The house was startled by several bellicose speeches. Mr. Löfi made his maiden speech in English with success, amid considerable applause. Mr. Fen remained an interested spectator. The motion was carried.—At our Shakespeare meeting we read "The Taming of a Shrew," after which we proceeded to merriment. At our second Social Union we had a good gathering, and glees rendered by four of the choir were much appreciated. Our special preachers this term were the Rev. Joseph Wood, of Birmingham, and the Rev. Charles Hargrove, of Leeds.

"Pasce Verbo, Pasce Vita."

—ST. BERNARD.

Lo! this one preached with fervent tongue:
The world went forth to hear;
Upon his burning words they hung,
Intent, with ravished ear.

Like other lives the life he led,
Men spake no word of blame:
And yet unblest, unprofited,
The world went on the same.

Another came, and lived, and wrought,
His heart all drawn above;
By deeds, and not by words, he taught
Self-sacrificing love.

No eager crowds his preaching drew;
Yet one by one they came;
The secret of his power they knew,
And caught the sacred flame.

And all around, as morning light
Steals on with silent wing,
The world became more pure and bright,
And life a holier thing.

Ah! Pastor, is thy heart full sore
At all this sin and strife?
Feed with the word, but oh! far more
Feed with a holy life.

W. W. B.

Mecca.

The Moslem roams the world from east to west,
And finds no alien clime, no hostile strand,
No loneliness in any desert land,
So he but know by some unerring test
Which way lies Mecca. Then he is at rest.
Happy, on bended knee, with outstretched hand
He prays; then rises girded to withstand
All foes; secure and honoured, Allah's guest.
Hearts have their Mecca. Waters may be wide,
And mountains stretch across a continent,
The faithful from their worship to divide;
But love is leagued with every element.
The earth no secret from true love can hide;
True hearts their Mecca know and are content.

Whitherward? *

I.

The question I am about to ask, briefly indicated by the title of this paper, is one which arises from the fundamental principle of our churches—their theological freedom. Being free, our natural condition is one of spiritual progress—advance to larger or better or truer thoughts concerning the Unseen. Theologically we are the Church of progress—the party of progress. And it would be a strange thing indeed if the party of progress were to find itself in a position beyond which advance should be impossible.

A church whose watchword is progress can never declare a *ne plus ultra* of theological speculation. To set out any form of faith, however simple and pure, as the final goal in which religious thought must end, and to inscribe the word "Progress" as the motto of those who uphold it, has all the familiar incongruity of trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

The first question I submit is, therefore, how far are we justified in regarding any variety of Unitarian Theology as final? Take, for instance, the theory of religion as expounded by Dr. Martineau in "The Seat of Authority," or by Mr. Armstrong in his admirable book "God and the Soul." Either of these books offer a very positive and clearly defined theology, and either may be taken as widely representative of the Unitarian position as it stands to-day. Is *that* the form of theology to which our churches are coming round and in which they are likely to rest? or is there any other form likely to become so steadily and widely accepted as to constitute a practical resting place of thought?

This question, the answer to which I wish to avoid prejudging, will, I think, be answered by most persons with a distinct repudiation of all finality. To admit finality would be to sacrifice the right of progress which our freedom involves. Most of us are too deeply pledged to the principle "that it is the eternal nature of truth to grow" to permit our adopting any other attitude.

But this gives rise to a further and more interesting question which I now proceed to state.

There can be no doubt that Ethical or Christian Theism, as set forth by Dr. Martineau or Mr. Armstrong, is a phase of theological thought through which most of our churches are passing. The question at once arises, what is to come next?

For churches constituted as ours are that question has the highest degree of interest. For a creed-bound church it is enough that it should know what it believes: what it now holds for truth is what it always has held and always will hold. But for a church, whose motto is "progress," the question what are you *tending to believe?* is, at any rate, of equal importance with the other—what *do* you believe *now?* It has been said that God judges a man not on the ground of what he is but on the ground of what he is tending to become. And so one might say that to discover the deepest truth about a progressive church, we must find—not its present *position*—but rather the *direction* of its theological movement. Hence the importance of asking what ulterior developments lie behind the form of Theism in which so many of us now stand, *i.e.*, assuming, as I suppose most people will assume, that our principle of progress precludes the possibility that we shall always stay where we are.

But here a difficulty presents itself. Again regarding the philosophical Theism of Dr. Martineau as the most prevalent form of thought among us, it has seemed to many, and I confess I am one of them, that no further theological progress *in that direction* is intellectually possible. Any advance of thought beyond the position of the "Seat of Authority" would involve the surrender of some element essential to a religious view of the universe; such, at least, is the conclusion which a study of that position has forced upon many minds. The theology of Dr. Martineau, whether we take it from the original sources, or as it appears in Mr. Armstrong's simpler exposition, is of a nature which admits of no further development and is to all intents and purposes final. A young minister leaving college as a disciple of Dr. Martineau already occupies the most advanced ground of theological speculation; he is in an intellectual *cul de sac.* The position may have for him all the value of final truth, and how likely this is to happen may be seen from the many distinguished pupils of Dr. Martineau whose intellectual views of religion have remained unchanged during the

* We shall publish a series of short articles dealing with this question. The next will be contributed by Rev. Joseph Wood.

course of a long ministry. At any rate it would seem that further progress, being impossible in that direction, can only be won by first retracing his steps to some former position, in other words by a return in the direction of older forms of theology. Except on this condition, there are strong grounds for supposing that the state of things indicated in the first paragraph has indeed become a fact, *viz.*, that the party of progress has already reached a point beyond which no progress can be made without surrendering a vital principle. If so, it is a curious dilemma, and, for progressive minds, the question "Witherward?" is not merely interesting but urgent.

That the next step of progress will involve some measure of regress is rendered a possible conclusion when we consider some of the characteristics of present day Unitarian teaching. Take, for example, the place accorded in it to Christ. In the form of Theism to which I have already alluded, its exponents, while evincing the utmost veneration for Jesus, assign him a function which is purely accidental and not necessary in the method of Divine revelation. Assuming man's knowledge of God to arise from the sources assigned by Dr. Martineau and Mr. Armstrong it follows that the story of Jesus is only a highly fortunate episode in the religious history of the world, but by no means an indispensable one. Will future developments confirm this view, or otherwise? Again, the subject of Sin, Penitence, and Forgiveness, in connection with which other phases of Christianity have developed their most vivid life, and which evidently answers to some permanent truth of human nature, has become among us a very infrequent topic of pulpit discourse. Will this infrequency pass into obsolescence, and if so, why; or will the contrary take place, and shall we hear once more the Gospel of Reconciliation either in the old form or a new one? Again, the idea of an everlasting covenant between God and the human soul, which formed the bed-rock of Cromwell's theology, as it was the secret of Puritan strength in general, has, so far as I am aware, almost passed out of knowledge. Is there any path of intellectual development by which the lover of truth may re-discover this great thought and add it to the treasury of his beliefs? Again, in regard to the Problem of Evil, it has seemed to some that Unitarian teaching on this subject has hitherto been singularly weak—not piercing beyond the fringe of the question, while, on the other hand, the orthodox treatment of evil, though even weaker as an appeal to the head, is vastly more telling as an appeal to the heart. In view of the fact that most duplicism proceeds from the heart, is it possible that we, as compared with the orthodox, may learn to treat this matter with equal effectiveness and greater logic? And lastly, there is the Future Life, that topic of perennial and pathetic interest to mankind. In Mr. Armstrong's recent exposition of the relationship of God and the Soul, it is noticeable that the subject of Immortality is not discussed. Will the next generation of Unitarian thinkers endorse this omission, or will they insist that the relationship of God to the Soul necessarily involves the immortality of the latter, and can this be done without a thorough reformulation of the theory of religious belief?

I wish to repeat that in throwing out these questions I offer no prejudgment as to the answers. I throw them out as a basis of discussion, and I do so under a sense of their profound importance.—L. P. Jacks.

The Pocket Bibles of Orators.

Mr. Brett tells a pretty story about Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. John Morley, which is worth quoting in full:—

"One of the last anecdotes related by Mr. Matthew Arnold—with great pleasure and pride—deserves to be recorded. Just before his death he met Mr. John Morley, with whose political views he was, as is well known, at complete variance. Mr. Morley, however, said to him, 'Arnold, whenever I travel I carry a volume of your writings with me. Before making a speech I read it for inspiration, and afterwards I read it again for consolation.' In these days of intense sore-headedness among the tribe of ephemeral politicians and scribes, one example of Attic peace in higher spheres is perhaps worth preserving."

It is a charming story, and well invented even if it is not true. And there is, of course, just a possibility that Mr. Morley was not chaffing his

friend. But if it be true that Mr. Morley does carry about with him in his travels a volume of Matthew Arnold as a kind of pocket Bible, we should be inclined to hazard a guess, with some degree of confidence, that the volume in question was neither his poems nor his essays, but the handy volume of "Selections from Burke," which Matthew Arnold edited, and which is much more in harmony with the political opinions of Mr. Morley than the original writings of his poetic friend. His speeches certainly bear much more trace of the influence of Edmund Burke than of that of Matthew Arnold. Mr. Morley's mind is saturated with Burke, and he seldom speaks without oozing Burke at every pore. Much as he admires Arnold's poetic gift, so few of his speeches are hall-marked with the Arnoldian stamp that we are inclined to doubt whether the poet was really so much of a guide, philosopher, and friend to the Liberal lieutenant as he appears to have imagined.

The subject raised by this anecdote, whether it be true or only *ben trovato*, is interesting and suggestive. What are the books which serve as pocket Bibles to our politicians and orators? If that were known much might be explained. Are any of our statesmen so much under the influence of any one writer as to go to him always before speaking for inspiration, and after speaking for consolation? Of public confession we find but little to guide us, and the value of internal evidence is but slight. We do not remember Mr. Morley, for instance, illustrating his speeches by a single quotation from Matthew Arnold, while he has repeatedly quoted Tennyson, a poet under whose influence he certainly cannot be said to be. Wordsworth, we should have said, was much more of a pocket Bible to Mr. Morley than Matthew Arnold, but here again the evidence of quotation helps us little. Mr. Gladstone's pocket Bible is notoriously Homer, and although there is a good deal of the Homeric about the Grand Old Man, in more ways than one, he also quotes Tennyson more than Homer, and much more than Dante, whose "Divina Commedia" he has told us was one of the three books which exercised the greatest influence over his mind. The worthlessness of quotations, however, as an index to the real sources of a politician's inspiration and consolation, is best shown by the fact that, with the exception of Sir W. Harcourt, no politician makes such constant quotations from the Bible as Mr. Labouchere, who is not suspected of finding the secret sources of his somewhat cynical inspirations in the sacred writings of the Hebrew seers. Still, in default of other guides, we must fall back on the evidence, such as it is, of quotations. Judging from them we should conclude that the pocket Bibles of Mr. Bright were Milton's "Paradise Lost and Regained," and the Old and New Testaments. Mr. Chamberlain's bosom companions seem to be "Pickwick" and the "Biglow Papers," but of late he has ventured somewhat timidly into a loftier region than that inhabited by the bottle-nosed man and Increase D. O'Phace, Esq. Lord Randolph Churchill quoted Shakespeare and parodied Campbell. Lord Salisbury quotes nobody. Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington are in the same plight. But all men have no doubt some book or books to which they instinctively turn for inspiration and consolation. And few more profitable and instructive inquiries could be conducted than as to what these books may be. It is a simpler and more practical form of inquiry than as to the "Best Hundred Books," and not so biographical as the series on books which have influenced men in the past. The latter may have been but the fleshpots of Egypt. What is the literary manna on which our foremost men are living from day to day?

There is a familiar anecdote attributed to Mr. Goschen, in the days when he fought on the Liberal side, which illustrates the importance of the subject. Someone was complaining that the Liberal chiefs did not put so much purple in their oratory as Tories. Mr. Goschen replied, "It is easy to venture on lofty flights of oratory if your supporters follow you and float you along on an ever-increasing volume of cheers. That is how the Tories do it. Their fellows dine well, and come down full of the boisterous enthusiasm born of champagne; but our fellows! They recruit exhausted nature on a cup of tea and a poached egg. How can anyone get up the steam on that? Until our men adopt a more generous diet it is idle to hope that our speakers can rise to the spread-eagle oratory that comes natural to the other side." If this be true of the diet of the body, how much more influence

must the habitual mental nutriment have upon the views of politicians? Who can say, for instance, if Mr. Morley really carries about with him Matthew Arnold's poems, as General Gordon carried "Thomas a Kempis," how much detriment the empire may have suffered from the shadow of the poet's overladen, world-weary Titan? But any book is better than none, and we very much fear that many of our politicians, and the great majority of the electors, if asked what was their printed source of consolation and inspiration, would reply, The daily paper, and the daily paper alone. Now we are the last people to under-estimate the importance of the daily press, but as spiritual nutriment it is to be feared that the newspaper alone is rather thin.

Life's Philosophy, 1897.

Do not hurry, do not flurry!
Nothing good is got by worry.
Bide the hour to make the spring!
Take life easy: that's the thing.

Do not trouble, do not trouble!
Heavy hearts make toiling double.
Groans the back with loaded pain?
Laugh, and 'twill grow light again.

Do not sorrow, do not sorrow!
Grief to-day is joy to-morrow.
Life flows smoothly after fears:
Eyes shine brightest washed with tears.

Hark the children, hark the voices!
Somewhere, everything rejoices.
Blasts without of winter ring,
Yet inward mirth makes endless spring.

Soon from elms will rooks be cawing,
Young lambs leaping, old folk thawing:
Soon with a sunny April dawn
Will daisies bright bedeck the lawn.

Forward, then, to victory straining!
Forward, bravely, uncomplaining!
The game's afoot, and here's the ball:
Yonder the goal: on, comrades all!

Good gathers strength, and lo! the powers
Of darkness yield. The day is ours.
Tho' cloud and tempest wrap the sky,
Yet wakes behind the Eternal eye.

Watching, wondering, yearning, knowing
Whence the stream, and where 'tis going
Seems all mystery? By-and-by
He will speak, and tell us why!

A. G. B.

The Ethics of Hymn-mending.

It is at first sight surprising that avowedly religious people should sometimes be less scrupulous than men of common culture making no such profession. But that is only to say that, if they were more cultivated, they would be more religious. For a merely religious man is often content with broad notions of propriety, chiefly of that robust order which consists in paying twenty shillings in the pound, whilst a man of culture, in the very process of refinement, insensibly acquires more delicate perceptions, and a nicer sense of honour, than are involved in the blunt moralities of every-day life. This is especially observable in persons of literary and antiquarian tastes, but is, of course, found in all whose sensibilities are fine because they have been trained. Good breeding alone will sometimes make men more considerate, more modest, more subdued than those who are constantly insisting in Scriptural language on the duties of charity, humility, and reverence; and mere etiquette, as a discipline, is often more effectual than the rules of religious behaviour.

Men of letters and lovers of fine art may, as a rule, be counted upon for pious treatment of everything which connects itself with literature or art. Tampering is the unpardonable sin. To meddle with a text, to patch a ruin, to copy a relic, to chip a monument of one thing into an example of something else, to take a composition out of its historical setting, abridge its meaning, hide its purpose, or pervert its use—these are regarded as outrages so gross that it is thought they can only be described in terms of religious abhorrence, "desecration," "sacrilege." It would seem then that culture has a highly-developed conscience, and a faculty of respect hardly to be distinguished from religious reverence.

It may be said, perhaps, that there is also the piety of violation, that the history of Christian art and Christian symbolism is full of instances of amiable appropriation of classic models. But an act, as Butler says, must be measured by the nature and capacity of the agent. A pope of the seventh century might turn temples into shrines and dedicate them to saints, but would educated Europe suffer it now? Imagine Stonehenge built into the walls of a parish church in this year of grace.

An Oxford essayist has lately called attention to what he calls a "Unitarian version" of the *Te Deum*, a hymn composed, as he rightly says, in honour of the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation. It is certainly difficult to defend any version carried to the point of evisceration. The vital part of a poem gone, expelled, what is left but the shell? Is it rightly described by its original name? Mere expurgation is counted to be a crime, and the shade of Bowdler is still doing penance for his fault. What shall be said of a process which goes even further in spoiling the integrity, obliterating the character, defacing the structure, and confusing the history of an ancient and treasured composition? Outside religious circles it certainly would not be described by so polite a term as "version."

The argument may be applied in some degree to all cases of hymn-mending. And, first, let it be understood that the question of offence must be tried without any reference to vulgar considerations of personal ownership. It is upon propriety, not proprietorship, that the question turns. Is it, or is it not, a becoming thing to lay hands on unprotected compositions, to clip them, melt them, alloy them, and—preserving something of the old and venerated likeness—to issue them again for special circulation? Or shall we say that an old hymn, saying one thing, and that only, and in its own way, has at least as much claim upon public protection as an old ballad?

Hymn-mending proceeds either by omission or alteration. From the point of view of the author—and, illustrious, obscure, or anonymous, he may be presumed to have been not without feeling and conviction—the former is a *suppressio veri*, the latter a *suggestio falsi*. Instances will occur to the reader, in which the original writer is deliberately made to say that which he deliberately chose not to say, and is represented as being silent on the points which he most endeavoured to express. No reference is here made, of course, to harmless abridgment, but only to intentional deflection, or suppression, of the main intention. Is it to be wondered at that some modern hymn-writers, in view of possible "versions," though willing to surrender their productions to public use, have stipulated that they must be taken as they were produced? Where otherwise, they might ask, is the license of adaptation to end? Is it quite conceivable that, by a sufficiently-extended course of transmutation through intermediate "versions," even "Rock of Ages" might ultimately glide into non-Christian form?

We are tempted to say that a living faith will make its own psalmody. At the same time there is no church which has not been enriched by borrowing. To honest borrowing there is no bar. What is here contended is that we ought to be as conscientious in dealing with devotional poetry as in dealing with any other product of human thought. Philistinism should be odious everywhere. Let everything that is taken, in whole or in part, be as complete in itself as its author made it, and as unambiguous as he meant it to be. It will always be profitable for meditation. How much of it should occasionally be sung is a matter of small moment.

E. P. Barrow.

Content.

Filled with a grateful, calm content,
My soul sits happy, and she sings;
While all the many, many things
That men call good, and think them so,
That are not mine, and may not be,—
My Father doth not give them me—
I am content to let them go.

Pass by, gay world, yes, pass thee by,
Nor too much vex me with thy care;
O, restless world, thou art so fair!
See, I have learned this thing of thee;
Thou look'st so little in the light
Which pours upon my inner sight,
And shines from great eternity!

E. R. G.

When Bedtime comes too soon.

The clocks don't know their A B C's,
And so they cannot spell;
But yet they count much more than I,
And seem to count quite well.

But what good so much counting does
I'd really like to know,—
Just sending people off to bed
Before they want to go!

He who can always find the word which is appropriate and adequate to his emotions is not the man whose emotions are deepest.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The History of Tip-Top.

By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

III.—A LITTLE SQUABBLE.

It was a great pleasure, after this, to watch the daily feeding of the little birds, and to see how, when not feeding them, the mother sat brooding on the nest, warming them under her soft wings, while the father-bird sat on the top-most bough of the apple tree and sang to them.

In time they grew and grew, and instead of a nest of little red mouths, there was a nest full of fat, speckled robins, with round, bright, clever eyes, just like their parents'. And the children began to talk together about their birds.

"I'm going to give my robin a name," said Mary. "I call him Brown-eyes."

"And I call mine Tip-top," said Jamie, "because I know he'll be a tip-top bird."

"I call mine Toddy," said little Pussy, who was often called Toddy herself. She did not wish to be behind-hand in anything that was going on.

"Hurrah for Toddy!" said Charlie. "Hers is the best of all. For my part, I call mine Speckle."

So then all the birds were made different people by having different names given to them—Brown eyes, Tip-top, Toddy, and Speckle, besides Singer, which was the name that Alice had chosen for her robin.

Now the children had been taught to say a little poem:

"Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight."

And they thought that anything really written and printed in a poem must be true, therefore they were very much surprised to see, from day to day, that their little birds in their nest did not agree. Tip-top was the biggest and strongest bird, and he was always shuffling and crowding the others, and asking for more food.

And when Mrs. Robin came in with a nice bit of anything, Tip-top's red mouth opened so wide, and he was so noisy, that one would think the nest was all his. His mother used to scold him for his greedy ways, and sometimes made him wait till all the rest were helped, before giving him a single mouthful.

But he would crowd the others while she was away, though perhaps he could not help it, because he was the biggest. Speckle, who was a bird of spirit, used to peck at Tip-top, and sometimes they would have quite a sparring match across poor Brown-eyes, who was a meek, tender little fellow, and would sit winking and blinking with fear while his big brothers quarrelled.

As to Toddy and Singer, they turned out to be sister-birds, and showed quite a talent for chattering. They used to scold their brothers for behaving so badly, in a way that made the nest quite lively. On the whole Mr. and Mrs. Robin did not find their family circle quite so peaceful a place as the poem said.

"I say," said Tip-tip one day to them, "This old nest is a dull, mean, crowded hole; and it is high time that some of us were out of it. Just give me a lesson in flying, won't you, and let us go."

"My dear boy," said Mother Robin," we shall teach you to fly as soon as your wings are strong enough."

IV.—TIP-TOP.

When the father of Tip-top came home and heard of his son's plan, he said, "You are only a very little bird, and ought to listen to what your mother says. You must be good and obedient, and wait patiently till your wing-feathers grow."

"Wait for my wing-feathers! Humbug!" Tip-top would say, as he sat balancing himself with his little, short tail on the edge of the nest, and looking down into the grass and clover-heads below, or up into the blue clouds above. "Father and mother are slow old birds, they keep a fellow back with their tiresome notions.

"If they don't hurry up I shall take matters into my own claws before they know it. Look at those swallows, skimming and diving through the air! That's the way I want to do."

"But, dear brother," said Singer, "the way to learn that, is to obey and be good while we are little, and wait till our parents think it best for us to begin."

"Shut up your preaching," said Tip-top, "What do you girls know about flying?"

"About as much as you," said Speckle. "But I don't care how soon you take yourself off, for you take up too much room in the nest."

"You had better take care Master Speckle, or you will get something you won't like," said Tip-top, still strutting in a very smart way on the edge of the nest, and sticking up his little tail quite bravely.

"Oh, my darlings," said their mother, now fluttering home," cannot I teach you to live in love?"

"It is all Tip-top's fault," screamed the other birds in a flutter.

"My fault? Of course, everything that goes wrong in this nest is always my fault," said Tip-top. And I will ask you all only to look and see whether I am crowding anybody. Here I have been sitting on the edge of the nest all day, and Speckle has got my place and his own too."

"My dear boy," said the mother, "do go into the nest and be a good bird, and then you will be happy."

"That is always the talk," said Tip-top. "I am too big for the nest, and I want to see the world. It is full of beautiful and nice things, I know. Now there is one most lovely creature, with bright eyes, that comes under the tree every day, and I know she would like me to come down into the grass and play with her."

"Oh, my son, beware!" said the frightened mother. "That lovely-seeming creature is our dreadful enemy the cat! A great monster with teeth and claws ready to eat you up."

At this, all the little birds shuddered and cuddled deeper in the nest; only Tip-top, who in his heart did not believe what his mother said, whispered to himself, "I am too old a bird to believe that story. Mother is joking. But I will show her that I can take care of myself."

(To be continued.)